

## It's Cold Outside by CasaByers

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**Summary:**

Nancy and Jonathan find a way to warm up.

## **It's Cold Outside**

### **Author's Note:**

Anonymous said: Smut: When the power goes out on a snowy night, Nance and Jon warm each other up.

They had waited for about 20 minutes on the front porch of the cabin. Nancy holding a covered casserole dish, Jonathan stood holding a shopping bag. Both were shivering. The snow had gotten bad as they drove, and now it had gotten worst. He couldn't drive out of here with this much snow. It forced the duo to make a choice of entering the unoccupied cabin, after another 30 minutes of figuring out the best course of action, Jonathan had just broken a windowpane with a rock, and they crawled through the window.

Inside the cabin was dark and cold, Nancy tried the lights, nothing. Jonathan remembered The Hoppers didn't have a phone.

"Powers out." Nancy whispered as she met him in the middle of the living area.

Jonathan sighed, "we could try the radio, might work." Jonathan suggested. They walked to the CB, Jonathan picked up the receiver and pressed the side button, "Hopper, it's Jonathan, over." He waited.

"Jonathan, why are you in my home?" Hopper's gruff voice came over the radio, startling them both.

"we got stuck, Nancy's mom thought we were supposed to meet at your cabin." Nancy lightly hit his arm, he only shrugged, it was her fault.

"Well at least you're inside, powers out in Hawkins, it's a bad blizzard, just stay inside until morning." Hopper said.

"okay, thanks Hopper." Jonathan replied.

There was a pause, "no funny business in my cabin." Hopper replied.

Jonathan and Nancy exchanged a look of mortification, Jonathan pressed the button, "I could say the same to you, in my house. Tell my mom we're safe. Over and out." Jonathan said. He didn't give Hopper a chance to reply as he switched the CB off.

Nancy looked a little surprised and impressed, "wow, Jonathan," she teased.

Jonathan shrugged, "what's he going to do to me?" he gave a little shrug, Nancy shook her head and turned to look at the cabin.

"we should start a fire, it's freezing in here." Nancy said.

"yeah, I'll get some wood, there's a pile out back." Jonathan said as he walked to the front door.

Nancy nodded, "be careful." She said after him, he gave her a little nod before he opened the front door, was blasted with a strong gust wind and snow, but he forced his way out and shut the door.

Nancy sighed, she was too cold to take off her coat, but she set the casserole on the small countertop and then she hunted around the kitchen, they'd just make the most of this. She lit some candles to light the place up, feeling warmer already.

She heard him coming up the steps, she darted over and opened the door. Jonathan stumbled in, arms full of wood, he was covered in snow. He gave her a look, like he was annoyed at how cold he was. Nancy stifled a laugh at how he looked.

He made his way to the fireplace and dropped the logs. He knelt and started to set the logs in the fireplace, "it's crazy out there, glad we didn't try to drive back." He commented.

Nancy was next to him, handing him a book of matches that she found, he took it and started to light a piece of crumpled newspaper. Nancy reached and dusted the snow from his hair.

"the stove is gas, I could make us some hot cocoa." Nancy offered.

Jonathan blew gently on the paper until it lit and started to burn the logs. He looked up at her, "that would be nice." Jonathan stood up

and watched the fire for a moment. He looked back at Nancy who was in the kitchen, he took off his jacket and looked around the living space.

There was one couch, he moved the coffee table and pushed the couch closer to the fireplace, he tossed a couple more throw blankets onto the couch and made his way over to Nancy.

“you know this is kind of nice.” Jonathan said as he leaned his hip against the counter where she was stirring the milk in the pot, he had his arms crossed over his chest.

Nancy looked at him, “how so?” she asked.

“I mean... it’s just you and me... hasn’t been that way for a while now.” he suddenly found his boots interesting.

Nancy was looking at him, she smiled slightly, “you’re right, we should make the most of it.” Nancy said.

Jonathan met her eyes, “right, we should, we can um talk... or just watch the fire and drink cocoa.”

Nancy nodded, “yes, of course, that’ll be nice...” she added the cocoa mix to the milk, stirred the cocoa and turned off the burner.

“or... we could other stuff.” Jonathan said. He stepped closer.

Nancy smiled as she poured the cocoa into two mugs, “like what?” Nancy asked.

Jonathan was glad it was dark, or she’d see him blushing, “you know... stuff... things... we haven’t been able to do for a while.”

Nancy turned to him, mugs in hand, she handed him one, then she leaned forward, “Jonathan, if you want to fuck me in front of the fireplace, you can just say so.” Nancy whispered.

Jonathan nearly stopped breathing, he looked down at her, she was looking up at him, pleased with herself.

She was about to walk past him, liking that she left him stunned,

when he gently grasped her upper arm and leaned close to her ear. "I do want to fuck you in front of the fireplace... after I finish my cocoa." He whispered before he walked ahead to the couch.

Nancy was stunned, she glared at him, but playfully.

They got situated on the couch, Nancy snuggled close to Jonathan, his arm around her. She was trying to figure out how to get back at him. When she felt his hot breath on her ear again.

"I'm done with my cocoa." He whispered.

Nancy turned her head and looked at him, she didn't say anything, she just stood up and Jonathan set his mug on the floor. She was about to straddle his lap, but he reached both of his hands up to unbutton and unzip her jeans.

Nancy watched him, nervous and excited as he pulled her zipper down and his large hands gently tugged her jeans down. She placed a hand on his shoulder as she helped her out of her boots and then her jeans. He pressed a kiss to the front of her red panties and then he settled back on the couch and took her hand to help her to straddle his lap.

Nancy settled onto his lap, she reached to pull his sweater up and over his head, along with his under shirt. It landed next to her jeans. Her sweater and under shirt followed and Nancy leaned in and pressed a kiss to his lips.

It started out soft, and then her hands went to his hair and he wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her tight to his body. His hips bucked up and she ground her middle down onto him, both letting out soft whimpers as they did.

Nancy pulled away and quickly removed her bra, she then reached between them and started to unbuckle Jonathan's jeans. Hindered only by Jonathan holding onto her hip with one hand and the other on her breast while he planted soft kisses on her other breast. She stopped with his pants to run her hands through his hair and gently hold his head in place as he suckled her nipple.

His other hand moved from her hip to gently squeeze her ass cheek, and then try to pull her panties down. Nancy gently pushed him back and pressed a kiss on his lips before she crawled onto the couch and laid on her back, she pushed her panties down her hips and kicked them off.

Jonathan turned on the couch his eyes taking her in, dark. He bent and planted a kiss on her inner thigh, and dragged his tongue along her soft skin.

Nancy grabbed at her own breast and then her other hand slid down her stomach and tangled into his hair just as he touched the tip of his tongue to her clit. Her back arched and her eyes squeezed shut.

Jonathan placed his hand on her stomach, holding her down as he started to gently suck on her clit. Pressing a kiss there, he then dragged his tongue down and started to lap at her, slow and strong strokes with his tongue, stiffening his tongue and slipping it inside. He went back to the broad laps. He couldn't get enough, and his eyes closed as he got lost in tasting her.

Nancy's fingers kept combing through his hair, gently praising him as pleasure washed over her body. She wanted to buck her hip, but he was holding her down. All she knew was that the feeling low in her tummy was building slowly, her toes were curling, and her panting was turning into gasps. His tongue was hot and wet, and his nose kept pressing against her clit.

He switched back to her clit, sucking it a little harder as her breathing picked up, he finally looked up and watched her, writhing in pleasure, he had to press his dick into the couch, so he could get some relief, still clothed in his boxers... he was getting too tight.

"harder." Nancy spoke, her voice coming out in a pant. She felt so hot and she shivered at the same time, it was building and then he did start to suck harder and she froze up, it hit her unexpectedly. Her back arched, her hand in his hair tightened and the noise she let out had his name coming out in between.

Jonathan had never heard her make that noise, he grunted when she pulled on his hair and he quickly moved lower, so he could lick her

up as she fell off the edge, her clit seemed to pulsate from the stimulation.

Nancy didn't even want to open her eyes, she was smiling, and she nearly purred as he started to lick her up. But she needed more. She gently tugged on his hair. "Jonathan." It was a whisper, but he knew what it meant. He rose up, shoved his jeans and boxers off his hips. He had a condom in his hand and he ripped the package open before he rolled it onto himself.

He fell back against her, his lips meeting hers as her hands gripped him and guided him inside of her.

he slid in with ease, buried her face in his neck and he started to pump his hips. His lips on her neck and one arm propping him up just enough.

Nancy's hands were around him, one on his back and the other in his hair. She loved how he filled her, how he moved inside of her.

She was close.

Nancy was so tight, so hot, his lips found her neck and he started to suck and lick her neck. Hot breaths leaving his mouth in pants as he got closer.

Nancy could feel him tightening up, she knew how to get him to finish, she sucked his earlobe into her mouth before she whispered softly, "come for me." She purred.

That did it, he slammed into her two more times, and his body tensed as he finished. His orgasm, triggered Nancy's second one and she fluttered around him, nails in his back.

Jonathan collapsed, and Nancy wrapped herself around him, holding him on top.

Their breathing was still ragged, Nancy was just enjoying him being on her, she smiled slightly, "Hopper won't be happy."

Jonathan groaned into her neck. "I'm really glad you waited until after to bring him up." He grumbled, only making Nancy laugh more.

Twenty minutes later, Nancy was wearing Jonathan's flannel as she laid on the couch, her eyes on the fire, Jonathan was resting his head on her tummy, arms wrapped around her, she was running her hands through his hair.

She knew he was asleep, she wanted him to sleep, she was starting to doze off herself.

She was happy and warm, and she hoped they had a few hours in the morning before they had to step back into reality.

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